Eu. Pray you locke hand in hand: your ſelues in order ſet.
And twenty glo-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy,
Leſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.
Piſtoll. Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.
Qui. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend,
And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.
Piſt. A triall, come.
Euan. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire.
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinnefull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie.
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutuall: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay doe not flye, I thinke wee haue watcht you now; Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?
M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher.
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues?
See you theſe husband? Do not theſe faire yoakes
Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Maſter

Maſter *Broome, Falſtaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckol
Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome*;
And Maſter *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothi
his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty po
which muſt be paid to Maſter *Broome*, hi
reſted for it, Maſter *Broome*.
M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, wee haue had ill lu
neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my
I will alwayes count you my Deere.
Fal. I doe begin to perceiue that I am ma
Ford. I, and an Oxe too; both the
tant.
Fal. And theſe are not Fairies;
I was three or foure times in the though
Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my mi
ſurprize of my powers, droue the groſſen
ry into a receiu'd beleefe, in deſpight
rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies.
may bee made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis
ment.
Euans. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, ſerue Got, and
and Fairies will not pinſe you.
Ford. Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh*:
Euans. And leaue you your iealou
you.
Ford. I will neuer miſtruſt my wife ag
able to woo her in good Engliſh.
Fal. Haue *I* laid my braine in the Sun, a
wants matter to preuent ſo groſſe ore-rea
I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal
combe of Frize? Tis time *I* were choak'
toaſted Cheeſe.
Euan. Seeſe is not good to giue putte
putter.
Fal. Seeſe, and Putter? Haue *I* liu
taunt of one, that makes Fritters of E